

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

MR. EASY,

NO subject more interesting to the parent, the patriot, or the philanthropist, can be discussed, than that of the education of youth: upon the manner in which they are instructed depends their comfort and success in after life. Although much has been written upon this point, and many able pens have been employed in developing the best means to impress upon the memory the rudiments of science, and the principles of virtue; no one has as yet written an essay on this topick for the Companion. This will be my apology for offering the following remarks.

My object is, to point out some of the defects in the common mode of educating youth, to propose a plan more adapted to attain the end in view; and to display some of those advantages which result to the individual, to his friends, and to the world, from an enlarged mind, and a heart established in the love of virtue.

Nothing is more obviously absurd than the common mode of instructing youth. When a child is old enough, he is sent to be taught his alphabet; after he has acquired a little knowledge of his letters, he is obliged to load his memory with a certain number of words every day, until he has stammered through his spelling book; this being effected, he begins to read the New Testament. In this short progress the absurdity is evident: for the child who has been obliged to burden his mind with a volume of words, of whose object he is not informed, with whose uses he is not acquainted, and not a particle of which he endeavours to retain, considers the whole as unmeaning jargon, imbibes a strong dislike to his studies and his tutor, feels it a contradiction to his natural fondness for play, and instead of perceiving it his interest to proceed as quickly as possible in his studies, will do nothing without force,

or the fear of punishment. In making the New Testament an introductory book in which children learn to read, light ideas of it are formed; and it is probable that many persons never look into that infallible directory of life and manners when older in years, from having disliked it when young. Indeed I myself know some who have asserted “that they never peruse their bibles now, because they “had used them so much when at school.” The next step is to advance the child to the Latin Grammar, which many persons are weak enough to believe is the quintessence of all literature. Before a child can read his own language, use his pen, or has the least acquaintance with the most requisite and common knowledge, he must be bewildered with hic, hæc, hoc, being thus forced to attend to four or five departments of instruction at the same time; and this is to be done when he is incapable of knowing the benefits, or appreciating the advantages of either of them. The foundation being unwisely laid, the whole superstructure must consequently be feeble, the course of instruction being continued in the same method in which it is begun; and it is common to see a boy capable of translating an eclogue of Virgil, or an ode from Horace, and deficient in every other qualification; not able to write his own name legibly, having no skill in arithmetick, and incompetent to speak his own language grammatically, or to write an English sentence correctly. Instances of this kind, too numerous to be detailed, have been noticed by me, and I therefore argue that the present mode of tuition is not defective only, but also pernicious. Let us refer to the female sex, and it may with propriety be said that the instruction which they receive is a mere burlesque upon education: it seems to be a commonly received principle, that they have no need of any knowledge at all; the ornamental being always considered of more importance with respect to them than the useful: thus a girl is taught to dance, to sing, and to dress; but of writing, reading, or the domestick accomplishments, sewing, cooking, and

the management of the household œconomy, she may be perfectly ignorant.

The plan which I have to submit to your consideration would remedy in some measure the defects of which I complain, and render our youth more useful than they generally are, more amiable, and more respectable.

Children of both sexes, after knowing their alphabet, should first be taught to join letters, and particularly those letters which are pronounced when in words in the same manner as in single letters; they should then read some book of easy pieces adapted to their capacities, and calculated to command their attention: the sacred volume they should be taught to regard as a book of the most ineffable worth, and at certain times they should be permitted to read some of the narrations, the tutor always aiming to imprint upon their minds proper ideas of its value. When they can read with fluency they should then commence their writing, and continue their attention to these two departments until they can read and write without much labour. Then the tutor should commence the course of arithmetick and the English Grammar; and never should a pupil attend to any other duties until he is versed in the principles of Grammar common to all languages, and able to write correctly his sentiments, however puerile they may be, in his own vernacular tongue. When these points are obtained, he may begin the study of the dead languages or the French; and I will venture to avow that his progress will be inconceivably more rapid than those who cleave to the old mode of instruction are disposed to allow. *Experientia docet.* A child is sent to a school where he is to be instructed in every thing which the tutor teaches; and whilst he is too young to perform even one duty happily, his mind is diverted by a variety of pursuits from duly succeeding in either.

But a greater defect than the ignorance stated, which naturally flows from the mode adopted to convey instruction, is the want of virtue in our youth; this, which ought to have the first rank in all tuition, is but slightly attended to or totally disregarded. The Spartans were so strongly impressed with the importance of nurturing their children according to the laws of Lycurgus, that they made the instruction of their children the business of the government; not willing to trust to private hands the forming of the minds and the habits of their youth. Yet we, who have so much more light, we, who are bound by innumerable obligations to train up our children in "wisdom's ways," are careless respecting the principles and the practices of those committed to our charge. It behoves every man to whom are confided children for instruction,

to make it his constant, his most important object, to repress the passions, to calm the tempers, to reprove the vices, to correct the follies, and to cherish the virtues, of those who are sent to receive all the information which he can give them. That tutor discharges but the most trifling part of his official duty, who imparts to his pupils the literary knowledge which their friends expect them to attain, and tries not to instil into their minds such opinions as shall fit them for the performance of the lesser duties of life, and to sustain a character irreproachable by the slander of envy, or malice, or revenge.

The personal advantages of a good education are very great. It will have a tendency to restrain those who have received it from the commission of vice; it will be an alterative with respect to the corrupt desires which they may possess; for those of all men are most culpable, who, taught to feel an abhorrence at guilt, persist in its practice. Experience and observation both teach us that nothing merely human tends to destroy the poison of illicit wishes and passions so much as an enlarged mind. The man whose soul is a perfect vacuum, who has no will to think, or matter to reflect upon, must turn to some trifling or sensual amusement "to kill his time," whilst he who has been taught to contemplate literary acquisitions as the highest recommendations of a rational creature, will constantly improve the leisure time which his avocations may give him, for the purpose of increasing his knowledge and augmenting his respectability. That book must indeed be indescribably worthless, which in the perusal aids the reader neither in forming his style, increasing his hatred to folly and vice, exciting his charitable sensibilities, nor invigorating the energy of morality; and if it will produce none of these effects, it ought to be thrown aside as only fit for fuel. Those alone who feel the benefits of a virtuous education, are capable of justly estimating its immense consequence to youth; and especially in a country like this, whose whole happiness and prosperity depends upon the degree of information its influential as well as its less distinguished characters may procure.

A virtuous education has not a tendency to diminish the influence of vice directly only, but also indirectly.

"Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si, quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero? Atque hoc adeo mihi concedendum est magis, quod ex

“his studiis, hæc quoque crescit oratio, et facultas.
 “Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his
 “studiis delectatio sola peteretur: tamen, ut opinor, hanc
 “animi remissionem humanissimam ac liberalissimam
 “judicaretis. Nam cætera, neque temporum sunt, ne-
 “que ætatum omnium, neque locorum; hæc studia ado-
 “lescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res
 “ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delec-
 “tant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum,
 “peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quod si ipsi hæc neque
 “attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen
 “ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus.”*

The continued perusal of valuable books on popular subjects begets, nourishes, and establishes a predilection for literature, so as in time to make it the most beloved species of amusement; and thus by obtruding upon the notice other objects, the heart insensibly contracts a fondness for a mode of spending time, which on reflection is not accompanied by the stings of a guilty conscience, or the conviction of having offended “the Judge of all the earth.” With respect to youth, no books more bewitching, more useful, or more likely to secure the end proposed can be offered to them to study than biographical, natural, or general histories, combined with voyages and travels; and which, whilst they impart sterling knowledge, will not raise in the bosom any improper emotions. Each hour occupied in reading deserving works is an hour gained; for it is an hour redeemed from the attractions and insinuations of worldly pleasure, “falsely so called;” it is an hour devoted to intellectual improvement; and in that hour some passage may be so engraven upon the heart as to operate like a shield repelling vice, and defending virtue.

* Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating publick solemnities, in refreshing the body, and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing these studies? And this application is the more excusable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning, without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength to youth, and joy in old age; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are pleasant; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

CICERO.

Another motive ought to induce all to try to rise as high as possible on the ladder of learning, and that is the respect which all the wise and the good pay to genius and intelligence. In the splendour of talents we lose sight of defects, and the whole of the character is included in the high opinion we have of its superiority. Were a man as poor as Job when bereft of his whole property, and immersed in the very greatest wretchedness, yet did he possess a mind luminous, cultivated, and well informed, we should feel additional pity on account of the brilliancy of his mental powers; and in the contemplation of his intellect, his situation would be perfectly obliterated from our minds. Great talents always command great respect, and where they are allied to great virtues, they call forth our admiration, and form the “noblest work of God.” Such attainments as a good education with attention bestows, are highly serviceable, not to the individual only, but likewise to his friends and the world. He has opportunities of enriching the minds of all with whom he associates, and though he may be ridiculed for separating from the noise of riotous mirth, and the vanity of unmeaning amusements, the steadiness he evinces will ere long produce in the minds of all, exalted ideas of the worth and the talents of a man who will not be tempted from a life of virtue by the fascinations of wealth, the blandishments of pleasure, the allurements of popularity or power, or the solicitations of friends. It is to the unfolding of the intellect we owe all our comforts: every thing which contributes to the welfare of society or the happiness of individuals, is dependent upon good education. It is this which has softened our manners; it is this which has civilized our savageness, and refined our coarseness; it is this which has introduced the performance of numberless little kind offices, which constitute the greatest part of our delight, and are now universally practised throughout the polished world. To the influence of increased knowledge we owe the enjoyment of holding our own opinions on religious subjects; it is through this we have attained the possession of civil liberty unfettered; and it is this which must save succeeding generations from superstition, slavery, and barbarism. If these ideas be correct, if upon the knowledge and virtue of the members of society depend the comfort and prosperity of future ages, how anxious should all feel to have their children carefully instructed. And in this point of view, how loudly does it call upon all who have the care of youth to spare no pains to render them what they ought to be—well acquainted with literary and scientific information, and too firmly rooted in the principles, habits, and love of virtue, ever to be shaken

either by the craft of wicked men, or the deception of their own hearts.

G. B.

*Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.*

POPE.

Whether the particular genius of each human being is innate, and brought forward by a suitable education; or whether acquired when the powers of the mind become capable of choosing their objects of desire and attention; is a question I shall not undertake to determine: but from an early period of my life I have cherished a love for literature, being taught by pious parents that nothing was more excellent than knowledge and virtue, and however small the progress I may have made in either, yet I esteem these acquirements above the gifts of fortune; and as I was musing in my mind and indulging many cogitations, why so many in comparison to the numbers to whom the beneficent Father of all has dispensed largely of the gifts of understanding and fortune should nevertheless be so regardless and deficient in these two excellent qualities; and why the writings of those who make these the objects of their attention should be productive of but little or no good; why so many distinguished by birth and fortune come upon and go off the stage of mortal existence, and unless some lasting monument of sin or folly mark their way through life, and describe the path they trod, when they are gone little more can in truth be said of them than that they were born, lived, and came to an end; the remembrance of them "is gone as of a guest that tarrieth but a day," or as "a ship that passeth over the waves of the sea," no trace of which is to be found after them.

As I was pensively musing on these things, and endeavouring to account why it should be so, I became abstracted from my usual scene of worldly cares, and absorbed in deep thoughtfulness, when I fell into the following reverie or vision.

I saw the figure of two persons coming towards me; sometimes they walked hand in hand, and sometimes they separated; one, which appeared the elder, exceeded in majesty and dignity; the other was beautiful and pleasing: as they advanced near me I arose and bowed reverently before them, when with a look of benignity and sweetness, they informed their names were Virtue and Literature. They bid me arise and follow them. I made no hesitation to obey their summons: we were quietly seated on an eminence, before which lay extended a vast plain, where I beheld an innumerable concourse of people of both sexes, from infancy to old age, all advancing towards the

setting sun: after them followed a train of disagreeable looking beings, not unlike the figures presented to my youthful imagination of spirits, elfs, satyrs, &c. who came and very familiarly mixed among the people: upon first sight of which many were disgusted, and seemed inclined to banish them, because of their ugliness and deformity; but the creatures were so exceedingly complaisant and obliging that most became reconciled to them, and many took some one or other of them for their most intimate friends and companions, admitting them, even at their hours of devotion.

After these followed a more formidable host of a terrific appearance, their resemblances were partly human, and partly of the most vicious, crafty, venomous, and disgusting of the brute, reptile, and insect creation; they were of various species, and some of such strange and uncouth appearance, and so wickedly disposed, that I concluded Pluto himself must have given them existence. The preceding company at first seemed to disclaim them, as beings of an inferior rank, but the latter insisted they were all of one family, and that most if not all of them owed their origin to, or were the descendants of one common father.

I asked what these things meant, and was informed that the little deformed creatures which advanced foremost to this place of general rendezvous, are what are commonly denominated *venial sins*, or seemingly small inconsistencies which too easily gain admittance as trifles: and that the more tremendous host which followed after, was every one a *great vice*; by some one or other of which every mortal man and woman were beset and tempted, and many by several. On beholding the general onset which took place, I noticed that some of the Vices attacked with violence and open force, others by fraud and stratagem; some of the smaller ones gained advantage by being too much disregarded and neglected in their first attacks, till at length the contagion of their infused venom became of serious importance.

Upon a close view I discovered weapons placed within the reach of every person, sufficient for their preservation and defence, by the assistance of which some became conquerors, setting the whole host at defiance; many of these were *Valiants* in the cause of Virtue and Literature; others did not appear willing to conquer every Vice, tho' they dispersed and avoided the most desperate; yet they fostered some, of which they made use when they apprehended occasion required; these trimmed between Virtue and Vice, but to which they ultimately declined I could not learn; but whilst I observed them they leaned towards

either as happened to suit their humour or interest; many of these were conspicuous as Literary characters, but their writings were not always the most profound, some were plausible, but all erroneous and pernicious.

Others gave themselves up to the Vices, who tyrannised over them, robbed them of all their valuables, and rendered them a burden, a nuisance, and a pest, wherever they went; these consequently were enemies to all good.

Others, sensible of the disadvantage they would sustain by being overcome, they would at times foil, and at times be overcome by the Vices; again they would renew the contest, and again give way, till harassed and fatigued by a long and painful conflict, the powers of body and mind became exhausted, and at length nothing was left them but the wreck of time and talents; and if they could be permitted quietly to pass off the stage of action, and sink into oblivion, it was all they presumed to hope for.

CONFUCIUS.

The following extract from BISHOP HORSELY'S charge delivered to the clergy, cannot be too often printed, too often read, nor too attentively considered by real Christians of all denominations.

A maxim has been introduced; that the laity, the more illiterate especially, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties; whence it hath seemed a safe and certain conclusion, that it is more the office of a Christian teacher to press the practice of religion upon the consciences of his hearers, than to inculcate and insert its doctrines.

Again, a dread of the pernicious tendency of some extravagant opinions, which persons, more to be esteemed for the warmth of their piety than the soundness of their judgment, have grafted in modern times, upon the doctrine of justification by faith, as it is stated in the 11th, 12th, and 13th of the Articles of our Church, (which, however, is no private tenet of the Church of England, but the common doctrine of all the first reformers, not to say that it is the very *corner-stone of the whole system of redemption*;) a dread of the pernicious tendency of those extravagant opinions, which seem to emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law, hath given general credit to another maxim; which I never hear without extreme concern from the lips of a divine, either from the pulpit or in familiar conversation; namely, that practical religion and morality are one and the same thing: that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part, of practical christianity.

Both these maxims are erroneous. Both, so far as they are received, have a pernicious influence over the ministry

of the word. The first most absurdly separates practice from the motives of practice. The second, adopting that separation, reduces practical christianity to heathen virtue; and the two, taken together, have much contributed to divest our sermons of the *genuine spirit and savour of christianity*, and to reduce them to mere moral essays: in which moral duties are enforced, not, as indeed they might be to good purpose, by scriptural motives, but by such arguments as no where appear to so much advantage as in the writings of the heathen moralists, and are quite out of their place in a pulpit. The rules delivered may be observed to vary according to the temperament of the teacher. But the system chiefly in request with those who seem the most in earnest in this strain of preaching, is the strict but impracticable, unsocial, sullen moral of the *Stoicks*. Thus, under the influence of these two pernicious maxims, it too often happens that we lose sight of that which is our proper office, to publish the word of reconciliation, to propound the terms of peace and pardon to the penitent, and we make no other use of the high commission that we bear, than to come abroad one day in the seven, dressed in solemn looks, and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus.

The first of the two, which excludes the laity from all concern with the doctrinal part of religion, and directs the preacher to let the doctrine take its chance, and to turn the whole attention of his hearers to practice, must tacitly assume for its foundation, (for it can stand upon no other foundation) this complex proposition: Not only that the practice of religious duties is a far more excellent thing in the life of man, far more ornamental of the Christian profession, than any knowledge of the doctrine without the practice; but, moreover, that men may be brought to the practice of religion without previous instruction in its doctrines; or in other words, that faith and practice are, in their nature, separable things. Now the former branch of this double assumption, that virtue is a more excellent thing in human life than knowledge, is unquestionably true, and a truth of great importance, which cannot be too frequently or too earnestly inculcated. But the second branch of the assumption, that faith and practice are separable things, is a gross mistake, or rather a manifest contradiction. Practical holiness is the end; faith is the mean: and to suppose faith and practice separable, is to suppose the end attainable without the use of means. The direct contrary is the truth. The practice of religion will always thrive, in proportion as its doctrines are generally understood and firmly received; and the practice will degenerate and decay, in proportion as the doctrine in mis-

understood or neglected. It is true, therefore, that it is the great duty of a preacher of the gospel to press the practice of its precepts upon the consciences of men; but then it is equally true, that it is his duty to enforce this practice in a particular way; namely, by inculcating its doctrines. The motives which the revealed doctrines furnish, are the only motives he has to do with, and the only motives by which religious duty can be effectually enforced.

I am aware, that it has been very much the fashion, to suppose a great want of capacity in the common people, to be carried any great length in religious knowledge, more than in the abstruse sciences. That the world and all things in it had a Maker; that the Maker of the world made man, and gave him the life which he now enjoys; that he who first gave life can at any time restore it; that he can punish, in a future life, crimes which he suffers to be committed with impunity in this; some of these first principles of religion the vulgar, it is supposed, may be brought to comprehend. But the *peculiar doctrines* of revelation, the trinity of persons in the undivided Godhead; the incarnation of the second person; the expiation of sin by the Redeemer's sufferings and death; the efficacy of his intercession; THE MYSTERIOUS COMMERCE OF THE BELIEVER'S SOUL WITH THE DIVINE SPIRIT; these things are supposed to be far above their reach. If this were really the case, the condition of man would indeed be miserable, and the proffer of mercy, in the gospel, little better than a mockery of their woe; for the consequence would be, that the common people could never be carried beyond the first principles of what is called natural religion. Of the efficacy of natural religion, as a rule of action, the world has had the long experience of 1600 years. For so much was the interval between the institution of the Mosaick church, and the publication of the gospel. During that interval, certainly, if not from an earlier period, natural religion was left to try its powers on the heathen world. The result of the experiment is, that its powers are of no avail. Among the vulgar, natural religion never produced any effect at all; among the learned, much of it is to be found in their writings, little in their lives. But if this natural religion, a thing of no practical efficacy, as experiment has demonstrated, be the utmost of religion which the common people can receive, then is our preaching vain, Christ died in vain, and man must still perish. Blessed be God! the case is far otherwise. As we have, on the one side, experimental proof of the insignificance of what is called natural religion; so, on the other, in the success of the first preachers of Christianity we have an experimental proof of the suffi-

ciency of revealed religion to those very ends in which natural religion failed. In their success we have experimental proof that there is nothing in the great mystery of godliness, which the vulgar, more than the learned, want capacity to apprehend, since, upon the first preaching of the gospel, the illiterate, the scorn of pharisaical pride, who knew not the law, and were therefore deemed accursed, were the first to understand and to embrace the Christian doctrine.



Bishop Warburton was once in company with a militia officer who was fond of showing off his libertine sentiments against religion. Among other remarks, he said that nothing could show the want of faith more than prayer, and asked the bishop what could be the meaning of the writers of the Liturgy in drawing up this petition, "Give peace in our time, O Lord; Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O Lord." The bishop replied, "I suppose it was at a time when we had no standing army, but only the *militia to defend us*."

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a scoundrel as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he shewed him his papers, took him to compare his surveyor's drawings with the situation of the pits, &c. When in one of these excursions the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held in his right hand, he called out to the parson who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to Geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance, (replied the divine) *but let go your hold and you'll be there in a minute*."



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some judicious criticks have asserted that it is possible for an author to write better on a subject which he understands, than on one which he does not: this we are much inclined to believe, notwithstanding the practice of several of our correspondents, and earnestly request they will not oblige us to dispute the matter with them; but if they will drive us to it, we believe we can produce sufficient authority to bear us out on this point, and also to support us

when we assert that sentences ought to be grammatically constructed, and the orthography correct, before they are offered for publication. And though we allow that much ingenuity may be exercised in discovering the meaning of a writer whose letters are indistinctly formed, and whose hand-writing is extremely careless and bad; yet as we are not covetous of praise on that account, we would rather wish communications to be written legibly.

If those of our friends to whom these observations do not apply, would favour us oftener with *their* productions, our editorial task would be delightful instead of being troublesome.

The remarks on that voluptuous dance called the *Waltz* are deferred till we see whether it is intended to be exhibited in all its parts. We know to what lengths it is carried in those countries from whence it came, and believe those who introduced it here would wish to render it as complete as possible. The source is excessively depraved; but we hope this notice will be sufficient at present, to put virtue on its guard.

PANGLOSS is unfortunately mislaid. We shall be much obliged if he will take the trouble to send us another copy.

CLEON has afforded us much pleasure, and we shall take the earliest opportunity of introducing him to our readers.

NEMO shall also be attended to.

The FARMER's eggs and chickens will not do for our market.

CLARA's pretty epistle to the *Invisible girl* shall have a place as soon as possible. This specimen induces us to hope she will favour us with more of her productions, before she "*dies for Lysander*."

CAROLINE is requested to give us further information concerning the *Club* she speaks of.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are happy in being able to let our readers partake with us the pleasure of reading the following beautiful composition, and we feel grateful for that friendship which has at last procured permission to publish it.

It was written in March 1764, by a Gentleman of this state.

The subject is founded on a novel, called Letters from Lady Catesby to Lady Harriet Camply.

An Epistle from Lord Ossory to Lady Catesby.

While sorrows pierce my soul, and dim my sight,
These mournful lines with trembling hand I write.
Once my fond letters happier tidings brought,
Joy held my pen, and mark'd each rising thought;
Luxuriant then my raptur'd fancy rov'd
Thro' scenes of pleasure with the fair I lov'd,

And as I told each gay poetick dream,
Unchanging love, was my unchanging theme.
Unchanging love, that like the vestal's flame,
Forever burns and yet remains the same;
Then thou wast pleas'd my tender strains to view,
And smiling bade me the fond theme pursue:
But ah! alas, I feel a sad reverse,
And tales of woe these mournful lines rehearse,
No beauteous scene transported fancy paints,
Grief scowls with tear-swoln eye and genius faints.
In vain I strive reluctant to impart
The tender feelings of the lover's heart—
For how can such a wretched faithless thing
To thy pure shrine a welcome offering bring?
And if I dare of love's soft joys to speak,
The guilty blushes crimson o'er my cheek;
The gush of anguish intercepts my sight,
And conscious baseness chills me while I write.
Or if reflection points some happier hour,
When all my soul confess'd thy beauty's pow'r,
When from my bosom stole the unbidden sigh,
When trembling accents, and the downcast eye,
And the warm glow that o'er my features mov'd,
Told thee, and truly told thee, that I lov'd—
My heart, unable to sustain the thought,
Sickens and shuns what once it only sought.
Then think, dear Catesby, what a scene of woe,
What tortures, racks, thy Ossory must know;
E'er such a change could come, e'er to the wind
He gave his vows and left his love behind.
But Oh! a tale unfitting thy fond ear,
Contains my crime, and prompts th' eternal tear;
Know only this, and too, too much 'twill be,
Montford was weak, and I was false to thee.
But ah, what pangs my wretched bosom prov'd,
Ere honour tore me from the fair I lov'd.
While the soft passion warm'd my melting breast,
And painted pleasures when with Catesby blest,
Then honour domineer'd without controul,
And injured Montford's sorrows pierc'd my soul.
The cred'lous fair who innocent in heart,
Fell in my snare the guiltless prey of art,
Yet no, no art I us'd, no snare was laid,
'Twas fatal accident undid the maid;
No more shall honour stop me, guiltless I
To Catesby's arms will with fresh raptures fly.
What pleasing scenes did now delude my mind,
My stars propitious, and my Catesby kind;
With her each day new pleasures seem'd to bloom,
And rising joys dispers'd th' intruding gloom:
But ah! how soon the dear delusion flies,
And in its place what clouds of horror rise.
For lovely Catesby, Montford I survey'd,
And in her lap a helpless babe was laid,
Whose piteous tears with its fond mother's join'd,
Reproach'd its father cruel and unkind;
By whose curs'd deed a helpless babe was born,
And by its birth expos'd a prey to scorn;
Expos'd to hardships, friendless and unknown,
Foredoom'd to feel for errors not his own.
While the sad mother blushing droops her head,
Her virtue lost, her innocence betray'd,

Now sends to pitying heav'n her sigh-mix'd prayers,
Or calls on me, the author of her cares;
Shall she in vain pour forth her plaintive cries,
And I unmov'd behold her streaming eyes?
To soothe those woes can I require a pause,
Those woes of which I know myself the cause?
Forbid it, Heaven! fair Montford, I am thine;
Oh! stop thy grief; thy sorrows now are mine;
Whate'er I can I'll do, to hide thy shame,
Though marriage' self but ill repays thy fame.
Yet hence the bus'ness of my life shall be
To rear thy infant and to comfort thee.

But ah! what Pow'r thus fills my alt'ring breast,
What beck'ning angel calls me to be blest!
'Tis she! ye Gods, 'tis she! I know each charm,
My Catesby's voice, her gesture and her form;
She seems to tread gay Fancy's favourite scenes,
Fresh-springing flow'rs, and intermingled greens;
What heav'nly beauties in each feature shine,
And on her tongue what melody divine:
For hark! she speaks, "Dear youth, I come to find
Thy gladd'ning presence to relieve my mind,
When thou wert gone, no joy thy Catesby knew,
On lagging wing the tardy moments flew;
The torch of Hymen lights the sacred dome,
The bridal bed unblest till Ossory come:
Haste then, dear youth, to happiness and love,
If passions warm thee, or if charms can move."

Could I, ye Pow'rs, my bounding heart restrain,
Hear Beauty's voice, and let it plead in vain;
Could I the graces of her form behold,
My pulse unruffled and my bosom cold?
At such a sight e'en age itself would glow,
And its dull blood in brisker currents flow.
Then would a youth, fond, loving, and belov'd,
Behold the fair, and hear her voice unmov'd?
E'en Honour's self says No, my purpose fail'd,
Passions return'd and Catesby's charms prevail'd.
Love fill'd my breast, I listen'd now no more
To honour's dictates, or to schoolmen's lore,
Who gloss their speech, and all their art employ,
To prove that honour is a source of joy;
That Heav'n's own hand the gen'rous meed prepares
To soothe our labours, and reward our cares:
But tell me, ye whom finer passions move,
What can reward me if I lose my love:
Should the dear maid, for whom from earliest youth
I still have sigh'd with unremitting truth,
Smiling grow kind, and fix my happy day,
And honour force me from her arms away,
And give me in return what wealth could buy,
What knowledge could impart, or pow'r supply;
My love would scorn this ill-requiting meed,
My eyes still weep, and still my heart would bleed:
But blest with her what circling pleasures rise
In fond pursuit, and sport before my eyes.

How blissful is the happy husband's lot;
Youth's wild extravagances all forgot.
No more his heart unsettled blindly strays
Through flow'ry wilds of vice, or folly's maze.
His love is fix'd on her, whom smiling Heav'n
To share the blessings of his life has giv'n,

The tender wife; whose sympathetick breast
Weeps for his sorrows, and enjoys his rest:
For them the Fates unlock their golden store,
And all their bounties on their fav'rites pour.
The father pleas'd beholds his prattling boy
Hang on his knee and tell his little joy.
Where'er he turns some smiling babe he views,
Whose youthful grace its parents' bloom renews.
On such a scene delighted Heav'n looks down,
Completes their bliss, and marks them for its own.

But cease, my muse; no more thy art employ,
To paint those pleasures I must ne'er enjoy:
A life of woe by honour is decreed,
And my fond heart for injur'd love must bleed!
Oh! rather let me through yon gloomy grove
Of baleful yew trees solitary rove.
Or let me sit beside some murm'ring stream,
And trembling listen to the night-owl's scream.
Or dreary raven's, on yon river oak,
Its branches scatter'd by the lightning's stroke.
In which an emblem of my joys I see;
Whirl'd in the storm and blasted like the tree.
There, Fancy, there in all thy horrors rise,
And bring the bleeding Montford to my eyes;
Present the dagger with her blood defil'd,
Grasp'd in her hand to plunge into her child:
The laughing infant innocently plays
With the keen point, and the bright blade surveys.
The voice of nature bids the mother feel;
She views her babe, and drops the lifted steel.

Affecting scene! shall I with tears deplore
Their weight of woe, and not their peace restore;
Can I behold that snowy bosom gor'd,
Where once I thought immortal pleasures stor'd;
Can I behold my eldest offspring's breast
Bar'd to the wound, and not the stroke arrest?
No! injur'd fair: deserted offspring, No!
Grief melts my soul that Pity's tears may flow:
Henceforth my heart, compassionating you,
To love and Catesby bids a long adieu.

And thou, dear maid, who taught'st me first to feel
The soft emotions I dare not reveal;
Who my young bosom first with ardour fir'd,
Who first my voice to sing of love inspir'd,
Who still, though honour separates our hands,
My soul and all its faculties commands:
For whom my love must e'en to death extend,
Nor till my latest breath my passion end:
With pity view these melancholy strains,
Nor add reproaches to my present pains.
In me behold a wretch accurs'd by fate,
Bending beneath misfortune's heaviest weight;
Who by a gust of guilty passions drove,
Gave up his peace, his innocence, and love;
And now a sad example stands, to show
On faithless men what direful evils flow.

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